

WHO'S WHO?

By HUGO ST. FINISTERRE, M. D.
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CHAPTER X.
"HOLD."

The physician's prescription was a pleasant one and promised a relief from one hour of the dilemma.

My old home was in central New Jersey, but it was not advisable to go thither, since I meant to bury myself from all who knew me. For several weeks at least I would not write to Jeanette, hoping that in the meanwhile she would learn the truth through the real Harold Westcott.

When the inevitable explosion came, I desired to be beyond reach.

With an endless number of refugees to select from, it did not take me long to fix upon my temporary home. It was advisable that it should be near the metropolis, so as to receive my mail at the earliest moment and be within quick call in an emergency.

I sent a note to the postmaster, asking him to forward my letters to Englewood, N. J. Neither he nor any of his clerks would reveal the address, while it might be viewed from one of the attaches of my apartments.

My present problem was to checkmate Mr. Covey Cone. There could be no question that he was shadowing me, and, if he suspected my intention, would follow me wherever I went. He must be doled.

To escape awaking his suspicion, I took no luggage with me, except a few articles in my pockets. After reaching my destination it would be easy to procure what I needed.

Englewood (lately incorporated as a city) was at that time a small, pleasantly situated town in Bergen county, on the Northern railway, about 14 miles north of Jersey City, and famous as being the first settled portion of the state, a few Dutchmen having crossed over from Manhattan Island as long ago as 1618 and erected a few cabins back of the Palisades.

My resolve was not to leave the city if I discovered Covey or any one shadowing me. I may as well confess that I was beginning to feel uncomfortable over the Chicago end of the business. That the peril was a serious one could not be doubted. How deeply Harold was involved was to be learned, but surely it was to a grave extent.

And whatever threatened him threatened me. It might be 20 years in Sing Sing, or some United States penitentiary, for the laws against counterfeiting are severe. Suppose I were caught in the toils, Harold would take precious good care not to give me the opportunity to vindicate myself.

Resentful and timid, I ventured from the house on the forenoon of the bright May day, dressed in a business suit and swinging a light cane. I had previously looked out from my window and had seen nothing of Covey or any one who seemed to be watching the building.

Turning the corner, I sauntered toward Broadway, apparently unconcerned, but never more vigilant and alert. I glanced keenly at every person, male or female, whom I encountered and twice wheeled around as if I had forgotten something, but changed my mind about returning to the house.

If any one was on my track, he was managing it with amazing skill.

I stood for ten minutes at the corner of Broadway before hailing the cable car. I was the only one who entered at that place and felt hopeful.

It was impossible that any of the occupants should be interested in me, but all the same I scanned every face, even to that of the little girl sitting on its mother's lap. The result was satisfactory.

"It's not so hard after all to throw one of those scoundrels off the scent," Covey Cone doubtless thinks himself one of the best in the service, and possibly he is, but here I am slipping away from under his very nose."

At the corner of Chambers street I stepped from the car and walked toward the river, where I was to take the ferry-boat to Jersey City. A lingering fear that after all I might have been deceived made me watchful, even after entering the cars at the station.

I take it that when an ordinarily intelligent person is on the alert against being followed it is impossible for any detective, no matter how skillful, to shadow such a person without discovery. Of necessity some of his movements must give away his secret.

There was nothing of that nature in my case, and when I stepped from the cars at Englewood I was never more certain of anything than I was that not a person on the train held any earthly interest in me.

The fact that I carried no luggage caused some interest on the part of the landlady, which, however, was satisfied by the payment of a week's board and lodging in advance. Then, procuring some reading matter and a few articles, I was in a position to wait for that which was to come.

A week went by without incident. During that time not a letter or word reached me from New York. I felt as if I were in some prison cell or in the jungles of Africa. At the end of a week, however, the world began revolving again on its own axis.

A letter from Harold was forwarded to me. It was postmarked in Liverpool and was written shortly after his arrival, so that it should have reached me sooner.

I have only time for a word or two. Arrived here after an unusually quick passage for the unusually quick Leguans. Will not ask you to write, for I have no idea where I shall be when your letter arrives. Don't suppose you have anything to tell of moment. For you have had some odd experiences, but since, for all intents and purposes, you are Harold Westcott you must hand on just as you think it would do if he were at home.

Don't be surprised if you don't hear from me for several weeks, though I hope I shall not keep you waiting long. But why did we agree to correspond when there can be nothing worth putting on paper?

I beg you to draw freely upon my bank account to whatever extent you desire. I place myself unreservedly at your hands, as you have placed yours in mine, and I am sure you will not mind my asking you to do so.

This was extraordinary for it presupposed that it did not exclude the recourse upon which I had placed so much dependence.

But another fact was noticeable. No line had come from Miss Lawrence. That was hard to understand. Perhaps Dr. Shippen had advised her not to intrude until my freakish memory was able to serve me as it should.

The question now revolves itself into this: How long will it be before Harold Westcott discovers that Miss Lawrence is not in Europe, but in New York? For when that knowledge comes to him then the end will be near.

The last letter written by her had been received by him. It was sent from London shortly before she sailed for home. Naturally he would go to that city to find her. Failing there, he would soon obtain trace of her. Once the suspicion formed that she had returned with the purpose of surprising him it would be the easiest thing in the world to learn the truth, for the lists of passengers that had left Liverpool by the Canadas would tell the story.

Thus the matter presented itself to me as I sat in my room in the Englewood Hotel. But for that shadow of "Budd" in the background the whole problem would be solved, but what a baffling part was to be played by him in the drama beginning to unfold itself!

I was eager to do something, but could not. It was mine to wait until perhaps the demand would come with the suddenness of a cyclone.

On the following day another letter was forwarded to me, and it was a stunner:

CHICAGO, May 11, 1896.

H. O. Westcott—Your telegram was a surprise, for it was the first time you had written to me since you left New York. I had been expecting such a thing to reach me at the Auditorium. It took some time to get it, but I managed to get it at last.

Your story of having received a check which knocked what little brains you had due to your long stay in New York for your telegram. That showed you were the real thing. But I am sorry to hear that you are trying a little trick to get out of sending the money you owe us. However, it won't work. As soon as I get your message I write to you explaining matters and tell you that the money was not sent by return mail. I would be in New York by the limited to hear what you had to say about it.

The money hasn't been sent. So I'll be there. T. D.

Here at last was something definite. I had learned the initials of "Budd" even if I did not know his Christian or given name. Furthermore, I was correct in my supposition about the letter which Detective Cone was clever enough to divert from my hand.

Evidently, too, Mr. T. D. felt pretty certain of his man. He indulged in no argument or appeals, but wrote as if he had no doubt of his mastery of the situation. Inasmuch as I had failed to comply with his demand he had started for New York to find out the reason why and to compel me.

The date of the letter and his announcement of taking the limited made it probable that he was already in the metropolis.

What would he think and do when he went to my apartments and was told that I had gone away for an indefinite time? He would believe I fled to avoid him and his anger would be intensified.

"But there is no way that he can get trace of me," I reflected. "I don't know whether I would prefer to meet him or not. On the whole, I fancy I would like to encounter him in some place where we would be free from interference, but it would help matters greatly if I knew something more about the confounded business."

A tap, tap, sounded on the door.

"Come!"

The boy who gingerly entered handed me one of the hotel cards.

"Man down stairs wants to see you."

The card contained the single word: "Budd!"

How in the name of the seven wonders had he traced me to my hiding place? I was stupefied and stared at the bit of pasteboard as if doubting the evidence of my own eyes.

"What shall I tell him, sir?"

"Send him up. Send him up!"

"This means business," I muttered, glancing round the room. "Budd" would not come all the way from Chicago unless he thought it worth his while. I shall have some trouble in pacifying him, but if I don't do it in one way I will in another.

I knew from the rapid, heavy tramping along the hall that the man was angry. He rapped sharply on the door and hardly waited for my response before he shoved it open and strode into the room.

He was fully a head taller than I, with a massive frame, broad shoulders, of thin build, but evidently an unusually powerful man. He was handsome, with his dark mustache and short brown hair, well rounded face, fine teeth and glittering eyes. His square jaw disclosed his bulldog determination and I could well understand why Harold Westcott would go to Europe to avoid meeting with this dangerous individual.

The glitter of his light gray eye showed that my caller was used "clean through." He paused in the middle of the room, and, without uttering his name, looked me fiercely in the face, as



you say that. It gives me just the excuse I wanted."

CHAPTER XI.
THE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

I came near committing a deplorable blunder that would have brought my ruin. It was easy to realize this self-confident man who towered above me, and whose fingers were holding to grip my throat, but that would have been only a temporary advantage. The fatal knowledge would remain with him and the shadow already darkening my life would quickly become a reality.

I must first learn all that he had to tell. There must be no violence between us until his secrets were mine.

Ignoring his threat, I backed to a chair and motioned him to take another.

"Sit down. After we have finished talking it will be time to act."

He breathed hard, and only by a prodigious effort did he retain mastery of his passion. He was a violent tempered man and was so enraged that he longed to chastise the life out of me.

But he was after money and could postpone his vengeance until it was in his hands. After that, look out!

He took the chair to which I waved him, crossed his muscular legs and with his glittering eyes fixed upon me growled:

"Well, what have you to say?"

"It is rather. What have you to say? When I telegraphed you that I had no clear recollection of the events in which you were interested, I told you the truth. To save my life I could not recall your name. I sent my message to 'Budd' at the Auditorium because I did not know how else to address it. The name of Tom Discoe was gone as entirely from me as if I had never heard it pronounced. Even now I cannot recall the incidents that I know are in your mind."

Nothing was clearer than that he did not believe a syllable of this, but he evidently concluded to wait.

"How is it you came out to Englewood?"

"I left town by the advice of my physician."

"Why?"

"I have intimated the reason. Last week I was violently thrown from my horse while riding in the park. Since then, matters have been so confused in my mind that the doctor told me I must go away for several weeks and take a complete rest."

"Sort of queer that you fix upon Englewood?" he sneered.

"And why?"

"So handy."

"So handy for what?"

"Come now, that won't do. I can stand a good deal, but you're piling it on too thick."

"I assure you that I am at a loss to understand what you mean."

"Have you forgotten that it is just two miles from here to the Palisades of the Hudson—that there is a certain house on the right of the road, built of stone and standing well back in the woods and not far from the river, where you met Jake Huke and me last autumn to arrange some business matters?"

I bent my head, as if in perplexing thought, conscious all the time of the sneer on the evil face in front of me.

"Mr. Discoe," said I, with the meekness of a lamb, "if you will be good enough to go over as rapidly as you choose, the transactions we have had with each other—that is, from the beginning—it will help us to get on. Unless you do so, I don't believe it possible to arrange things satisfactorily."

"Well, I'll be —" he growled, lowering the bent leg and crossing it with the other. "This beats anything yet!"

I waited patiently, and, after some hesitation, he shoved his hat from his forehead, jammed both hands in his trousers pockets and leaning back in his chair said:

"There's so little of it that it won't take me long. You remember last summer that down at Sheephead you put up \$1,000 and won \$5,000? Jake and me had our money on the wrong horse and got it in the neck. While you were cashing in your tickets we noticed your roll of money. You were in high spirits over your good luck, and Jake remarked that if you wanted a good thing that he could put you on to it. You said you were ready and would divide. That night we met you at the Branewick and explained the game, which was showing the queer."

"Ah, yes. It's all coming back to me now," I interjected without helping matters in the least.

"Our plan was not to do the work here in the east, but in the west. Jake and me were to go out to Kansas and the Dakotas, making the Auditorium in Chicago our headquarters. When everything was ready, we were to let you know."

"And I was to do what?"

"Of course in our business we must have good money to work with, but there's nothing mean about Jake and me, and we agreed not to call on you for your share."

"Which was how much?"

"Ten thousand dollars, until the thing was on its feet and fairly going. It took us a good deal longer than we thought. Jake got pinched, and it was a tight squeeze. So things drifted along until this spring."

"And you kept me informed?"

"Of course. I called to see you several times in New York, and all three of us had a meeting some months ago at the stone house. When you came out to Chicago last winter, we had a long talk—the three of us again—and you pledged your word that when we needed it you would let us have the \$10,000, for which you were to receive one-third of the profits and take no risks at all."

"And I have never given it to you?"

"Never given it to us! I should say not. There's where Jake and me made — fools of ourselves. You offered it to us twice, and we refused to take it."

"Why did you refuse?"

"We were so dead sure of you that we were content to wait, being as we did not need it. You get 'em an every

time and acted like the royal fellow we believed you to be instead of the sneak you are."

And Tom Discoe's fingers twitched, as if he could no longer keep them off me. I was on my guard, but he did not know it.

"Are you sure I have never advanced you anything on account?"

He could hardly restrain his anger.

"Not a cent! Don't set up that claim. You owe clean \$10,000 and not a penny less. Why, I reminded you of the whole thing in my last letter."

"The one sent before this last note in answer to my telegram?"

"Yes; I went over the whole ground, showing that you hadn't paid a dollar, though you offered to do so when we didn't want it. You remember that we agreed to refer to the money as 'farmers,' so that no one could get on to it."

A mountain rolled from off my heart. In the eyes of the law Harold Westcott had committed no crime. He had thoughtlessly agreed to do so, when in the excitement of his success on the race course, and, possibly, while under the influence, too, of wine. In his sober senses he shrank from the dangerous step, but lacked the courage to back out. He was afraid of Tom Discoe and Jake Huke, who no doubt had threatened him, as one had already threatened me.

Harold was lacking in moral standing, for he as much as confessed it when he declared that he was pestered half to death by the parasites of society. Most likely, too, these evil men believed that in meeting with them and planning this wicked business he had gone too far to withdraw. If he attempted to do so, they not only meant to expose him, but to visit personal violence upon him.

As the only way out of a bad situation he weakly fled to Europe. Aware that the crisis must come within a few months, he left me to meet it, without giving the slightest intimation of his nature.

Therein I condemned him, as I had the right to do, for had he made it clear I would have been prepared at every point, but he was ashamed to do so, and now the all important knowledge was mine.

And with it came a feeling of gratitude beyond the power of language to express. I would find out the address of Harold and tell him everything, adding that there was not the slightest cause to fear these two miscreants. Before he returned to meet them I would have a settlement with Messrs. Discoe and Huke, which, to say the least, would leave them in a demoralized condition.

As if fortune was playing into our hands, this same Discoe had written me a letter in which the whole truth was told, and this letter was now in the hands of Detective Cone. True, he was amenable to the law for pilfering the missive, but he would not be made to suffer, since it had turned out so well.

"I presume you came to New York to get the \$10,000."

"You guessed it the first time, and what's more, I'm going to have it. Keep that smugling in your pipe. Why didn't you send it before?"

"That I twice offered it to you ought to be proof enough that I meant to keep my pledge, but three weeks ago matters were so bad with me that I couldn't have raised \$1,000 if my life had been at stake."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Nevertheless, it's true."

"How are you fixed now?"

"I've got money to burn."

"Are you ready to hand it over?"

"Will you take my check?"

"Not by a large majority. Them bits of paper sometimes turn up good for nothing, but coin or green paper hits it every time."

"Do you suppose I carry that amount of money round with me? I have only enough to pay my expenses for a few weeks."

"Then you must draw the money and turn it over to us."

"I will go into town tomorrow and take it out of the bank. I will come back to Englewood on the afternoon train and will meet you—where? Here?"

"I thought for a moment. Then his eyes gleamed."

"At the old stone house on the right of the road a half mile this side of the Palisades. You remember it, for it is in plain sight from the road."

"Yes, and a path leads to it where there is an occasional copperhead. But tell me how you knew I had come to Englewood?"

"I didn't know it. You used to talk of the place as being very pretty and said you had a notion of making your home there. It was all guesswork on my part."

"And might good guessing."

"It was clear to me why he had selected this lonely spot for the passing of the \$10,000. There were hundreds of places in New York where we could have met and made the exchange without the slightest personal risk. But my previous hesitancy convinced him I was unwilling to pay over so large a sum. He suspected that I would set some trap by which the money would be saved and he and his pal punished."

But if I were to meet him in the out of the way place, where no human being could give me help, nothing was to prevent their working their sweet will with me.

Nothing but—of that, however, later.

"Will you meet us at that place tomorrow night, say at 9 o'clock?"

"Only Providence shall prevent me, was my firm reply. 'I'm tired of this business and want it settled.'

"So do we, and what's more, we're going to have it settled. You hadn't think there's any trick by which you can catch us. Of course you can go back to the city tomorrow and stay there. You'll keep us out of the money, but your life will pay the forfeit."

How he longed to take me by the throat, but not half as much as I longed to take him by the throat! How easily I could wring his neck, as if he were a pigeon! How I would love to crush him to the floor and make him bellow for mercy!

But not yet!

"Don't mind if I am a few minutes late, but I shall be at the stone house tomorrow night at 9 o'clock, and I shall have \$10,000 in bank bills with me."

CHAPTER XII.
PALISADES AVENUE.

"Good morning, Mr. Westcott. How

will you have this?"

"In large bills, if you please."

"I'll be right with you."

The cashier passed out ten crisp bills of the denomination named. I thanked him, and, walking to the row of desks outside, carefully placed them, without crease or wrinkle, within the folds of my large pocketbook, which was shoved into my inner coat pocket and the three buttons fastened over my chest. Then, case in hand, I stepped out into the street and once more walked toward Broadway.

But I changed my mind, wheeled and came back.

At the moment of turning some one dodged into a narrow door the street, as if seized with a sudden thirst. I caught only a glimpse of the small, well shaped leg, clothed in business gray, as it whirled through the door.

"I gave Covey Cone the slip once, and he doesn't mean I shall do it again."

Not wishing him to think I suspected anything, I passed up the street, turned at the next block, and continued my walk in the direction of Broadway.

If I intended to elude him, the job would be a difficult one. Had I felt certain that he could be trusted I would have taken him partly into my confidence—that is, so far as letting him know of the little game on hand, and without any attempt to reveal my real identity. But I had no faith in him.

He believed, with good reason, that I was "in" with the counterfeiters, and my confidence on my part would be taken as an effort to mislead him.

If he should shadow me, there was no saying what complication would follow. It might upset all my plans, so I determined to elude him, if it could be done, and it seemed an easy task.

This time when the cable car halted I had a companion who entered the door ahead of me, but it was a lady whom I had never seen before. Covey Cone was not in sight.

But a second car came whirling round the curve and halted before ours had passed a block. Looking back, I observed three men and a lady climbing into it, and one of the four was a small man, attired in a gray business suit.

"This is getting interesting, but the hand isn't played out yet."

My car halted at Chambers street, where I left it. Instead of turning down toward the river, I went to the left, in the direction of Third avenue. I did not look around, for I knew he was not far off. A brief walk took me to the American News company's building, into which I passed, as if in search of a book.

I moved about on the lower floor for a few minutes, picking up one volume after another and finally paying for a 50 cent novel.

As I did so one of the clerks came forward and suitably extended his hand.

"It's a good while since we have seen you here, Mr. Westcott."

"Yes; I don't get down as often as I used to. By the way, I want you to do me a favor that won't cost anything."

"What is it?"

"I have reason to believe that a man is dogging me. He's somewhere out front, hanging around and waiting for me. I want you to let me out the back way so as to give him the slip."

"It's against the rules, but I guess we can manage it; follow me."

He kindly conducted me through the rear of the store, opened the huge door, which is always under close surveillance, and bade me good day.

Chortling to myself, I walked rapidly to the right and down Rondo street to Donna street. Up that I passed to Broadway, and then down on the other side to West street on the river front. A few blocks along that to the left took me to the foot of Chambers street, where are the offices of the Erie road.

I was just in time to catch the last boat for the 11:30 train, the whistle screeching and the men taking in the plank as I stepped aboard and faced about to see whether I was the last passenger.

I was. A couple of young men made a bluff to follow me, but they were waved back as the gates were closed and the wheels began churning the water.

"These detectives think they're mighty smart fellows, but it was as easy as rolling off a log to give Covey Cone the slip. One of these days, when this confounded business is straightened out, I'll tell him how I did it."

As passengers over the Northern road of New Jersey know, they have no minutes to loiter away after reaching Jersey City. I hurried up the platform, dived into the smoker and had barely time to light a cigar when we began moving out of the station.

A lingering suspicion that possibly, after all, I had been outwitted caused me to survey my fellow passengers with close scrutiny. But if one thing was certain it was that Detective Cone was not among them.

It was to be presumed that while he retained his gray clothing he had made some changes in his personal appearance. There are circumstances, such as at night, when the light is scant, where



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SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

Editor O'Sullivan found guilty of libeling Lawrence (Mass.) officials. A tariff agreement reached by Republican leaders. Hamilton O. Williams, it is reported, selected by President McKinley for minister to Spain. Senators Mantle and Butler delay progress on tariff bill with long speeches on wool and income tax. New York labor leaders determined to keep Tammany in line for free silver. Nathan, N. H., visited by its worst storm in 20 years. Walter Hill for protection of employees signed by Governor Handings of Pennsylvania. Bacon defeats Mullen in a four-mile running race at Belfast, Ire. Massachusetts gas commissioners reported on Boston subway explosion. Gas and construction companies said to have been responsible. Lasted a class of 78 proposes to present a bill to the senate. Death of W. F. Clark, Sr., at Indianapolis, for 71 years. Identified with newspaper work. Death of Mrs. Ella Lydia Seymour, for many years a well known and popular actress. W. W. Holliston appeared in court for the Michigan bicycle race at Boston. Fighting in the Holy Williams will contest in Cranston, R. I., considered. Residents of Highland district, Chelsea, Mass., opposed to the location there of an oil station. Ex-Mayor McGowan of Trenton sued for about \$250,000. West Point (N. Y.) students give an exhibition of bridge building. Actor Newton Beers arrested for debt in Lewiston, Me. Waiting record broken at Livermore Falls, Me. Heese McGraw and partner walked continuously for 5 hours and 25 minutes. Terrible sea monster discovered near Danvers, Me. Adams Express company employee in Webster, Mass., charged with embezzlement. High school prohibited in San Francisco theaters.

More charges said to have been made against Chairman Martin, but he says he knows nothing of them. Daring assault and robbery in Lynn, Mass. Senate almost reaches sugar schedule of the tariff. Governor O'Connell of Virginia gives his views on lynching. Governor Tanner of Illinois signs the gas consolidation bill and is expected to sign the cable road bill. Worcester, T. M. C. A. wins the Massachusetts penitentiary games. President Harrison declined himself dictator of Guatemala. Defunct bank president in the line of self in Ohio. Farmer and members of his family murderously assaulted by a colored man at their home in Orangeville, Fla. Shooting affair in South Waterboro, Me., results in the serious injury of Mrs. William Kimball. More indictments in connection with the Dean company of New York. Maine milk producers organize a protective union. Yale defeats Princeton, 10 to 5, in a 19-furlong game. Amherst beats Dartmouth and Williams in a track athletic meeting. Bicycle parade in New York participated in by 16,000 riders. Good time on muddy roads in the Lowell race in Revere, Mass. E. Burke wins two races at the New York Athletic club. Game of the Somerville (Mass.) Fourth of July committee will ask the council for \$100. The King of Spain to visit America. Americans in Bangkok want Minister Barrett retained. Everett H. Guinness of West Newton, Mass., drowned in Charles river, off Waltham shore. Members of the Woburn (Mass.) water board may be indicted. Howard Mann, the Brooklyn handball winner, lands another stake at Gravesend. Alan and a horse killed by a train at Bridgewater, Mass. Lynn (Mass.) policeman seizes and kills a mud dog. Butler brothers lower the mile tandem record on the Charles River park track at Boston.

MONDAY, JUNE 7.
Desperate attempt of an insane man at murder and suicide in Boston. Secretary Bliss says he is not regarding the circular of the American Protective league. Difficulty between Japan and Hawaii, growing out of immigration in the island, becoming more serious. A steamer founders and four persons perish as a result of a collision in the Thames. Sultan leaving peace negotiations wholly in the hands of his ministers. The Spanish ministry and policy to remain unchanged. South American delegates begin their tour. Swift torpedo boat porter getting ready for final trial. Centennial of the birth of Mrs. Williston observed at Easthampton, Mass. A Montevideo physician thinks he has discovered the true germ of yellow fever. More charges against General Martin filed with Governor Wolcott. President McKinley means to make the new tariff the cornerstone of his administration. Gold export movement regarded as practically at an end. Venezuela boundary maps published in a large atlas. First of the recent newspaper correspondents put on trial in Washington. Six weeks signing trip to be given to the Latin American delegates to the Pan American congress. Cubans appeal to Americans for aid. Swedish newspaper man offers to be shot at with bullet proof cloth armor on. Three fatalities and \$100,000 loss caused by fire in San Francisco. Rendering works burned in Worcester, Mass.; loss over \$25,000. Boston party makes a round trip of more than 70 miles by electric cars. Boston Intercollegiate baseball season ends in a wrangle. No further trouble expected from the convicts in the California state prison. Man murders woman in Memphis, Ill., and is shot dead by deputy sheriff. Arrival of the Philadelphia cricketers at Oxford, Eng.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8.
Consul General Lee reports that Dr. Ricardo Ruiz's death in Spanish prison at Havana was due to cruelty of officials. Alderman John H. Lee elected president of the Boston Democratic committee. Senate Republicans caucus on disputed points in the tariff bill. Editor Jeremiah T. O'Sullivan of Lawrence, Mass., sentenced to 18 months in the house of correction for criminal libel. Administration regrets the return of Canovas, the Spanish premier, to power. Commissioner Calhoun arrived from Cuba. Label against the Cuban filibuster Three Friends dismissed. Destruction wrought by a floodburst in France far greater than supposed. Great excitement prevailing in Spain over solution of the cabinet crisis. Senate disposes of the lumber schedule, and Mr. Allison announces that tobacco will be taken up next. Texans attacked by Spanish marines in the streets of Vera Cruz. Five men killed in a railway collision at Hudson, Wis. Death of Edward Calvin Taff, a well known paper manufacturer of Holyoke, Mass. Case of ex-Captain Dryfus of the French army to be reopened. Defeat of the Italian in battles accomplished with considerable loss. Movement on foot to have Charleston, Mass., volcano closed on June 17. Chadwick of Yale again breaks the inter-collegiate strength record. Waltham aldermen refuse to grant sixth-class licenses to druggists. San-Liam Boat and Shoe Workers' union vote to allow members to apply to Thomas S. Jones for work. The Wilcox & White Organ company of Meriden, Conn., assigns delegations of Teller Bores of Dover,

Del., will exceed \$100,000. Magnificent "Baccante" to remain in New York. Ancient and Honorable artillery company of Boston celebrates its 25th birthday. First brigade, M. V. M., in camp at South Framingham. Secretary Long finds Annam. Academy in a shocking condition. Annual June festival of the Congregational Sunday School Superintendents' union. Conference on trial in New York. Washington patent attorney shoots his sweet heart and kills himself. Merchants' National bank of Manchester, N. H., attached for \$15,000. Silver Republican take steps toward a national organization. Canadian house of commons passes an alien labor bill. Next universal postal congress to be held in Rome in 1903.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9.
Republican senatorial caucus adopts new sugar schedule, and issues a report on passage of the tariff. President McKinley to demand reparation and indemnity for Italy's death; mission to Madrid offered to General J. D. Cox. Twenty-six persons injured by the explosion of a fireworks factory in Chicago. Man who claims to be Schiller, the "divine leader," arrives in Cleveland. Senate adopts Bacon's amendment for a duty on raw cotton. The 25th stated meeting of the supreme lodge, A. O. U. W., at Milwaukee. Powers shows no sign of yielding to Turkey's demands. Rev. C. B. Brewster elected bishop conductor of Connecticut. Augustus, Me., celebrated her centennial. Turkish government denies stories of outrages by troops in Thessaly. Canada grand lodge, A. O. U. W., may accede from supreme body. Silver medal at Chicago and organize a national party. "Big four" blamed for it in Philadelphia. Cricketers score 163 runs for seven wickets at Oxford. A Portsmouth (Mass.) bookkeeper a defaulter. Mayor Quincy of Boston recommends a loan appropriation of \$250,000 for construction of sewerage works. Annual reception of Principal and Mrs. Thaddeus of Lowell. Meeting at the Catholic club in aid of the Greek women's relief committee. Chapter 357 of acts of 1897 declared unconstitutional by judges of central municipal courts of Suffolk county, Mass. Asaph B. Howard of Middleboro, Mass., found probably guilty on manslaughter charge. Jacob H. Chadwick arrested in Franklin Falls, N. H., on charge of forgery. Serious labor riot at Minook, Ill. A brewer's trust being formed in Pennsylvania. Boston gladiators go on strike.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10.
Death of Alvan Clark, the great lens maker at Cambridgeport, Mass. Centennial anniversary celebration in Augusta, Me. Maher-Sharkey fight a draw. Sensational session of the Maine Episcopal church convention in Portland, Me. Memorial to the pastor of the Episcopal church at Cambridgeport, Me. Vice President Hobart's name attached to a railroad pooling agreement. Halifax paper seizes itself in the mission of the Maritimes. General Cox will accept the position of minister to Spain. Main again interfered with the training of the Harvard and Yale crews. Hawaiian sugar planters' resolve under the rule of the Breckers combine. William Waldorf Astor gives a notable dinner in London. Mystic Shriners' parade in Detroit. Freight train thrown into the river in Exeter, N. H. Two trainmen killed. Attempted murder of Ida Lathrop in Lisbon, N. H. Oxford-Philadelphia cricket match given up as a draw. Robert R. Galvin murders Robert Kydd in a Haverhill, Mass., machine shop. Senate only disposes of a half a page of tariff bill. Alleged assault of young Long of Greenwich, Conn., arrested. Storm causes a suspension of the work of the First brigade, M. V. M., in camp. June breaks the record for rainfall. Brazilians inflict a crushing defeat on the fanatics. Boston master gladiators will open free shops. Lynn, Mass., churches being robbed by thieves, who escape arrest. Closing meeting and banquet of the Massachusetts Medical society at Boston. Annual meeting of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's clubs at Great Barrington. Scores of lives lost in a terrific gale in the Pacific. National Social Republic party to take part in the 1903 elections. Postal congress delegates arrive in Boston. Armor plate plant may be established in San Francisco.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11.
Isabella Perkins, heiress to millions, and Larz Anderson, young American diplomat, married at Boston. Boston elevated railway bill signed by the governor. Great damage by heavy rain and floods in northern New England. Senate rejects agricultural bounty amendment and takes up the sugar schedule. Victim of Lisbon (N. H.) assault regaining consciousness. Terrible cyclone causes great damage in Italy. President McKinley criticised by the Pall Mall Gazette. President McKinley heartily greeted on his return trip. Maher and Sharkey ceased by a New York police magistrate. Laurence C. Calkins elected president of the Golf association. Minnesota persons injured. Electrical convention at Niagara Falls elects officers and adjourns. Postal delegates made a tour of Boston and departed. Barrios proclaims himself dictator of Guatemala. National convention of Young Men's Catholic union to be held in Boston Aug. 31. Banquet to South American commercial tourists in New York. Mr. Calhoun displeased with his reception by the president. Torpedo boat Porter's remarkable record. Durrant, the California murderer, reprieved until July 9. Relations of the L. A. W. with foreign racing bodies somewhat strained. Sunday baseball in Cleveland and a knockout in the courts. A baseball cannot successfully used for pitching in a game at Princeton. Harvard training crew almost swamped in its convention at Poughkeepsie. Brewster's convention pronounces the Raites law a failure. Probable case discovered to identity of man found dead in South Braintree, Mass. Departure of United States cruiser New York for Newport News.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.
Defaulting Bookkeeper. Manchester, N. H., June 8. A special to The Union from Portsmouth, N. H., says: Herbert Bumford, who for three years past has been the trusted bookkeeper at the Morley button factory, is said to be a defaulter in what sum it is not at present known, but it is thought to be in the thousands.
No Evidence Against Dauntless. Key West, June 10. The case against James W. Floyd and others of the steamer Dauntless, for feloniously sailing on foot a military expedition against the kingdom of Spain, was heard by the United States commissioner yesterday, and for want of sufficient evidence was dismissed.
Snowstorm in June. Lynn, Mass., June 10. There was a small snow flurry here shortly after noon yesterday, but the snow quickly melted after reaching the ground. It was the first ever recorded in this city for the month of June.

Pain-Killer.

(JERRY DAVIS)
A Cure for Every Kind of Pain
This is a true statement and it can be made too strong or too emphatic.
It is a simple, safe and quick cure for
Croup, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Colds, Neuralgia, Diarrhea, Cramp, Toothache,
TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

THE TUBERCULIN TEST.

Chief of Animal Bureau Says No Fall Effects Follow Its Use.
Portland, Me., June 11. The Portland board of health has received this communication from D. E. Salmon, chief of the Bureau of animal industry of the United States department of agriculture, on the tuberculin test:
In reply to your letter of the 1st inst., addressed to the secretary of agriculture, I would say that the experiments made by Dr. De Schweinitz, of this bureau, as well as by others in this country and abroad, shows that cows are not injured in the slightest degree by the injection of tuberculin, so long as the material has been carefully and properly made. Experiments with reference to the quantity of milk given by animals before and after the injection show that the variation in amount is practically not worthy of consideration, unless the animal gives a reaction for tuberculosis. So far as the effect of tuberculin on healthy animals is concerned there is not the slightest ground for fearing any bad results, if the tuberculin used is reliable.

CAUSED BY WASHOUT.

Train Wrecked at Exeter. Two Trainmen Killed and Two Mangled.
Exeter, N. H., June 10. Two trainmen were killed and two more are mangled as a result of a freight wreck on the Boston and Maine near this place early this morning. The accident was occasioned by a washout. The engine was precipitated into the hole and turned completely over, dragging after it nearly the entire train. A search was made in the river for the engineer and a missing brakeman, but no trace of them could be found. The dead and injured are:
D. King, the fireman, was taken to the hospital so badly injured that he died in a short time.
S. G. Chandler, brakeman, is dead in the wreck.
Hunting, engineer, missing.
Young, brakeman, missing.
The train was in charge of Conductor Thurston. A general alarm of fire was sounded, but when the department arrived its services were not needed.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN.

Outlook Rather Gloomy as a Result of Unfavorable Weather.
Boston, June 8. It has been a dull and gloomy week in northern New England, with rain on every day but one or two. This fact, coupled with a continuance of unseasonably cool weather, has caused the farmers to fall still more behind in work, so that the general outlook at this time is none of the best. Heavy thunder showers visited southern New Hampshire and Vermont, and northeastern Massachusetts, on Friday afternoon, doing damage in some instances. The rainfall was very heavy. At Brookline, N. H., 1.65 inches fell in less than 20 minutes.

In southern New England the week was marked by extreme cloudiness, but in southeastern Massachusetts the rainfall was light. In other parts of the south sufficient rain fell on three days for all needs, so that now the demand is for less rain and more sunshine. The temperature continues cool for successful growth.
Alvan Clark Dead.
Boston, June 10. Alvan Graham Clark died at 1:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his home on Brookline street, Cambridgeport. In his death the world lost its greatest lens maker. With his death the famous Clark family of lens makers becomes but a memory as he was the sole survivor of it. Mr. Clark's death was most peaceful, and he was surrounded by his intimate friends when the end came. The Verkes lens just set up at Lake Geneva, Wis., was the last important piece of work done by Mr. Clark, and he often expressed the wish to live long enough to see if his power was what it ought to be.

Murder at Haverhill.
Haverhill, Mass., June 9. Robert Kydd, foreman at J. S. Bussell's machine shop, was shot and killed this morning by E. Galvin, bookkeeper at the establishment. Galvin was placed under arrest soon after the shooting and taken to the police station. To the officers he admitted that he shot Kydd. He said he had been subjected to a "continual nagging" at Kydd's hands, and that he got into a dispute in the shop this morning. In Galvin's drawing a revolver and firing at his opponent at close range. A long standing feud had existed between the two men.

To Take Tariff Out of Politics.
Washington, June 10. The Tariff Commission league has opened headquarters in this city. Samuel B. Archer, secretary and treasurer of the league, will be in charge. The object of the association is to secure the passage of a bill for the appointment of a tariff commission, whose duties will be to suggest to congress changes in rates of duty, and thus take the tariff question out of politics.

Canovas Reappointed.
Madrid, June 7. The cabinet crisis is over. Yesterday afternoon the queen recently reappointed Senor Canovas premier, and retained the entire cabinet. This action by the queen was taken after consulting General Canovas, Senor Sagasta, the Liberal leader, and others.

Was Sister of Stephen A. Douglas.
Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 9. Mrs. Sarah A. Granger, widow of the late Julian N. Granger, and sister of the late Stephen A. Douglas, died at the old Granger homestead yesterday. She had a stroke. She was 58 years old, and had lived on the same place 45 years. She was post-mistress here under President Arthur.

John Reimer to Lead His Credit.
Portland, Me., June 9. At the adjourned town meeting at Westbrook yesterday to vote on the question of the company's reorganization was defeated. The vote was 100 yeas, 100 nays, 100 abstentions. The report was that the company would be reorganized.

A GIRL GARROTED.

Brutally Beaten and Left In a Coal Bin.

Crime at Lisbon, N. H., For Which Four Men Are Under Arrest—Victim In a Dreadful Condition—Will Probably Die.
Lisbon, N. H., June 10. This quiet village was thrown into a state of intense excitement yesterday morning by the discovery of what now appears to have been a premeditated, cold-blooded attempted murder. The victim is Ida Lathrop, a garment operative in the employ of J. Conrad Brummer and Carl Brummer, merchant tailors. She is 25 years old, a blonde, and rather prepossessing in appearance. She is highly spoken of in the community.

It appears that Miss Lathrop left her boarding house Thursday evening to go to the workshop for a pair of button-hole cutters, with which to finish a garment she was making for a friend. She was due at the time of a rehearsal of the choir. Finding her room-mate, Miss Woodbury, to assist the music together, she watched up the latter's case and stated that she would join her soon at the church. That was the last seen of her till yesterday morning, when search began for her, she was discovered about 9 o'clock by Carl Brummer in the coal bin under the front portion of the store. She was bound hand and foot, and was unconscious.

Examination revealed that the young woman was in a terrible condition, with but little hope of recovery. Her face, ordinarily thin, was so puffed and swollen as to be almost unrecognizable, and as soft as jelly, giving rise to the suspicion that the victim had been choked into unconsciousness and then pounded with a flat while the clock was over the face. Two small scratches were the only marks visible on the throat. Both eyes were blackened, and there were several contusions on the ears, side of the face and chin. Strange to say, not a drop of blood had been started.

The local police were immediately notified and at once went to work on the case, but the whole affair seems to be shrouded in mystery. Four men have been arrested, the two Brummers, proprietors of the tailor shop; a Spaniard named Joe Calaisso, and Joe Norton. The police, however, are waiting for expert assistance before proceeding any further.

MISS LATHROP WILL RECOVER.

No Credence Given Theory That She Attempted Suicide.
Lisbon, N. H., June 11. Ida F. Lathrop, the young victim of a brutal assault, is pronounced out of danger, and her recovery is practically assured.

It may be a matter of days or even weeks before she will be in a condition to be examined as to what occurred Tuesday night, when she received those unaccountable injuries in the cellar of the tailor shop of George Brummer's Sons, where she was employed. If she can recall the circumstances attending her injury her story should be a surprising one, inasmuch as no one appears able to give any intimation as to how she came to be in the coal bin and so near death.

Physicians have been called to the scene, and the young woman was being endeavored to commit suicide, as the wounds could not have been self-inflicted; also that some one must have been with her in the cellar of the tailor shop, and that that person tied her ankles and wrists with handkerchiefs after she had been laid out in the bin.

Yale's Sumner.
New Haven, June 8. Under the supervision of Dr. Jay W. Seaver, physical director of the Yale gymnasium, a public strength test was taken at the gymnasium yesterday afternoon to enable Charles C. Chadwick, of the senior class, to try to break the record held by C. S. Venille of the class of 1900. Venille having broken the inter-collegiate record held by Chadwick. The test was highly successful. Chadwick made a total of 2135 kilograms, or about 4703 pounds. The record of young Venille was only 1676 kilograms, or 3687 pounds. Chadwick's greatest feat was his chest lift, which was 354 kilograms, or about 780 pounds. Chadwick's figure lifts in every position excelled those of Venille.

Descendant of Chief Uncas.
Norwich, Conn., June 11. Moses Fielding, a famous Indian character, and a member of the tribe of Mohegan Indians, died yesterday at Mohegan village, between here and New London. He was 64 years of age and a direct descendant of Chief Uncas. In his day he was the greatest hunter in the state. Only three members of this family now survive.

Ceremony in Italy.
Waltham, Mass., June 10. The consecration of Christ's Episcopal church was held yesterday afternoon in a pouring rain by Bishop William Lawrence. The exercises included scripture reading by the bishop and responses by the laity. Robert Treat Paine read the lesson from the first epistle of John, fourth chapter, beginning with the seventh verse.

Aged 105.
Boston, June 7. Mrs. Charley Green, 105 years old, an inmate of the home for aged colored women, Myrtle street, died yesterday from old age. "Aunt" Charley was probably the oldest woman in Boston, and was without kin or kindred, and dependent entirely upon friends who have constantly visited the institution during the last 25 years.

Tell Four Stories.
Haverhill, Mass., June 7. George Young, 12 years old, living at 112 Merrimac street, while playing on the roof of a 4-story building yesterday afternoon fell head first into the alleyway in the rear. His fall was broken by a wire, but his skull was crushed.

Wanted—An Idea.
The one who can think of a way to get rid of the garbage in the city of Boston, will be rewarded with \$10,000. The city of Boston is now looking for a way to get rid of the garbage in the city of Boston. The city of Boston is now looking for a way to get rid of the garbage in the city of Boston.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE OF EXECUTOR.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed executor of the last will and testament of SARAH M. FARRIS, late of said Newbury, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the clerk of said court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to him. ALEX. N. FARRIS, Executor.
Newbury, N. H., June 10, 1897.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the town of Middlebury, Guardian of the estate of EDWARD NEWTON, late of said Middlebury, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the clerk of said court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to him. DANIEL WALTON, Administrator.
Newbury, N. H., June 10, 1897.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

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THE BROWN STONE.

"Diamond Medal" Flour.
(A little more kneading and you have the whitest and sweetest bread possible to make, besides having a flour the most productive in the world.)
Every barrel sold on trial.
Elgin Creamery Butter, the best,
Beans, N. Y. State,
A most remarkably good Tea, Formosa or English Breakfast,
Baker's Breakfast Cocoa,
Van Houten's Cocoa,
California Peaches,
Hale's, Loco Moco,
An elegant rich, sweet Wine, Port or Sherry,
Claret, Imported,
per lb. 20c
per qt. 10c
per lb. 20c
per half lb. 10c
per lb. 20c
per gal. \$1.00
per gal. 50c

BEADLESTON & WORKS.

"Imperial" Malt Beer.

A Spring Tonic, per dozen \$1.50

P. H. HORGAN,

TELEPHONE. 224 THAMES STREET.

NEW

Dates, Figs, Nuts, Raisins, Citron and Lemon Peel.

A FULL LINE OF NEW

Canned Goods.

Nice LIMA BEANS, 10c, 3 for 25c

New Figs, in one pound boxes.

APPLES, ORANGES, BANANAS, GRAPES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF CONFECTIONERY.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172 & 176 BROADWAY.

Newport Illuminating Company

Electric Light, Electric Power,

Electric Supplies,

Incandescent and Arc Lamps

Electric Motors, Electric Fans,

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